



ALPHONSO AND ALMIRA ;

OR,

THE NOBLE FORRESTER.

A Sardinian tale.

(Continued.)

RINALDO, who appeared not a little struck with the figure of Almira, could not avoid discovering how much he had become enamoured of her. Good heavens ! thought Rinaldo, what a difference between the studied manners I have been accustomed to, and the artless simplicity of this fair-one, in whose way so strange an incident has thrown me.

Rinaldo would fain have possessed himself of every little particular concerning Almira, but she delayed satisfying his curiosity until another opportunity, and offered to accompany him to her father's hut, an invitation which he most readily accepted.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of Rinaldo, upon entering the hut. Every thing around him was viewed as the effect of enchantment. " Surely," exclaim-

ed he to Almira, " there is some fairy castle allotted for the residence of some beautiful goddess, for certainly you can be no other. Your very air denotes you to be more than mortal. The simplicity of your manners, and beauty of your person, must endear you to every one who has the happiness to behold you. What palace is there I would not leave to live with you in the humblest cottage."

Alphonso being from home, the greater opportunity afforded itself to Rinaldo for pursuing his discourse. Much he pressed her to give him her story, confident there must be something marvellous in it, and that her birth had given her a claim to a situation very different from that he found her in ; but Almira, as often as she was urged to it, excused herself on account of her father's absence, not thinking herself justified in giving any relation of herself and family, until she had obtained his consent to do so. She therefore conducted him to an inner apartment at the back of the grotto behind the hut, where, having supplied him with some fruit, and several cakes of bread, made from an inferior kind of wheat that grew

in the forest, she begged to leave him to his repose, rather wishing to avoid introducing him to her father until she had informed him of the adventure that had befallen her, and received his approbation of what she done. Rinaldo accordingly withdrew to the place Almira had prepared for him, and pressing her tenderly in his arms, exacted a thousand promises of an early visit in the morning, to which Almira pledged herself with equal fervency, and sighing heavily, bade him adieu.

The morning had scarcely begun to dawn, before Almira sought her father, whom she found busily employed in the little garden he had formed and cultivated. She accosted Alphonso in her usual strain of filial tenderness; but her faltering voice, and fluttered spirits, too plainly indicated that something more than common lurked in her mind. Alphonso, therefore, threw aside his spade, and enjoined his daughter to unburthen herself without any restraint or fear. Almira accordingly took courage, and made her father acquainted with the meeting she had had with Rinaldo, which made too visible an impression upon him not to be observed.

"I hope I have done nothing," exclaimed Almira, "to displease my father."

"Oh! Almira," said he, "I know you are good and virtuous. Innocuous are your thoughts—pure

and unsullied. Your charms too, justify you in the first of expectations, and will warrant you in thinking the love of every man sincere. But to be poor is not always to be unhappy. There may shortly come a time, my dear Almira, when we may burst forth from the cloud of adversity that at present obscures us: when you, my best of daughters, may sit upon a throne. I would, therefore, have your affections perfectly disengaged; so that, if ever we should obtain our right, you may be left at liberty to place them on an object suited to your rank."

"And yet," replied Almira, who had heard her father with every mark of attention and respect, "if the youth I chanced to meet should be formed to move the tenderest passions, and make a maiden happy, and possess with these accomplishments a high sense of honour, surely, my dear father, there could be no harm in my listening to him."

Alphonso, who plainly perceived that her breast laboured with something she did not care to utter, requested her to proceed, and unbosom herself to him without reserve; assuring her, that whatever might remain undiscovered, should meet with every kind of tenderness and consideration.

Almira, thus encouraged, confessed that the generous youth had made an impression on her heart she had never known before.

"What is this I hear?" exclaimed Alphonso. "Beware, Almira, of a father's anger. Remember the solemn caution I give you, not to suffer an attachment for any one in this situation; and if any accident should throw you again in the way of the stranger, on no account give him your conversation, or entertain him with a single word."

"Not speak to him!" cried Almira.

"Not speak to him!" cried Alphonso, "and expect to be obeyed!" and immediately left her to herself.

"Good heavens!" reflected Almira, "what cause of anger can I have given to my father! Surely there can be no harm in the stranger's love for me, or in mine for him. He surely has too much generosity to deceive me, and can have nothing more in view than my good. At least it would be cruel in me not to love him, since that alone, he says, would make him happy."

Such were the reflexions that filled Almira's mind. The appearance and language of Rinaldo had worked most powerfully on her and established an interest equal to his wishes. In this situation, her distress may easily be imagined. Her father had imposed on her an injunction against holding any further discourse with Rinaldo, should chance again throw him in her way, and it was impossible for her to muster up resolution enough to make a dis-

covery of his being at that very time concealed near the hut. Rinaldo's presence, however, suddenly put an end to all further reflexions.

"I have sought you, lovely maid!" cried Rinaldo, "unable any longer to forbear your presence; for be assured it will never be possible for me to endure your absence. The impression your beauty has made on me, can never be effaced. My heart is yours. I live but in your smiles, and pant for an opportunity of making your father acquainted with it."

"Alas!" replied Almira, "that cannot be. He must not know you are here."

"Not know I am here!" exclaimed Rinaldo. "Did you inform him of the declaration I had made you of my love?—I will go this instant and seek him. But first, my dear Almira, let me know who and what you are; for though I have found you and your father obscured here in this humble hut, a thousand things conspire to convince me that you are not what you seem, and that while adversity appears to surround you, resplendent hope breaks in, and cheers you with the expectation of better days."

Almira for a while resisted his curiosity, but, importuned, she at length revealed every circumstance of her history necessary for him to know.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Rinaldo, "is it possible that Alphonso still lives? I know his story well, and often have heard his fate lamented. All Sardinia is in his favour, and would gladly place the prince on the throne, whose supposed death they so generously mourn."

Rinaldo now insisted upon seeing Almira's father. But it was in vain that he urged her to consent.—"I entreat not, (said he) an interview for my own happiness, but to make myself known to him, and concert the best measures that can be taken for restoring to him him his long-lost dignity. For however I may wish to make you mine, every hope of it is now no more! Your birth places you, my dear Almira, too high for an untitled individual as I am, to look up to.—"Heavens!" exclaimed Almira, "what situation can possibly be too great for virtue and merit like yours? You declared you loved me, when interest could have no share in it; and if fortune should ever place me on a throne, the only reason I shall have to rejoice at it will be on account of the opportunity it will afford me of evincing the sincerity of my love."

During this interview, Alphonso having accidentally gone to the apartment in which Rinaldo slept, was alarmed at finding a man's cloak, richly embroidered with lace. It is impossible to conceive the thoughts that rushed into his

mind, and tortured his imagination upon a discovery of so novel and unexpected a nature. How to account for it, or what to think, he knew not. The freshness of the dress plainly proved that it could not have been there any length of time, and the value of it at once denoted it to have been worn by a person of some distinction. The account given him by Almira of her meeting with Rinaldo, came to his recollection. He instantly went to the hut, and found Almira from home. A variety of conjectures now distracted him. Almira's virtue would not suffer him to think for a single moment that she could have done any thing to dishonour her; but he thought there was too much reason to apprehend that she had been thrown again in Rinaldo's way, and his imagination suggested to him the worst of consequences; sometimes fearing that she might have been prevailed upon to quit the place under his protection; and sometimes dreading, lest she might have been dragged away by force, and that he should never see her again.

Rinaldo having used many arguments with Almira, why he should be permitted to have an interview with Alphonso, at length prevailed upon her to introduce him; an opportunity for doing which, offered itself at this very juncture of time. Nothing could exceed the surprise of Alphonso, or the suspicion with which he

viewed Rinaldo. An angry eye at first darted his resentment against Almira for her apparent disobedience; but the generous youth, having obtained an opportunity, addressed himself with such address, as not only to convince him of the honour and sincerity of his love for Almira, but to gain his confidence so far as to obtain his promise to accompany him to Sardinia, for the purpose of restoring him to his long-lost father, from whom he had been severed by his cruel and ambitious uncle, whose life a short fit of sickness, Rinaldo informed him, had just put an end to, hated and despised by the generality of the people, since through his art and villainy they had long suspected the infant prince, Alphonso, had been deposed.

Early the next morning, Rinaldo awakened Alphonso and Almira, in order to prepare for their intended journey. No bride, surely ever felt so great a pleasure on the day of marriage, as both the father and daughter experienced in his visit, made for the purpose of conducting them, as it were, to a new world.

And here let me ask those who can best read the human heart, what must have been the state of Alphonso's mind, called by an angel, as it were, to life and prosperity, to wield, perhaps, a sceptre, and emerge from a state of indigence and obscurity, to that of

wealth and fame. As to Almira, she knew not what to think, or what idea to form of the station she was likely to fill, from the account she had received of it from Rinaldo. Every distinction in life Almira was taught to expect, and she was too sensible of her personal charms, not to conceive the lustre they would derive from the aid of dress, and those thousand ornaments that serve to captivate and ensnare.

"Come," said Rinaldo, "this day shall restore to the world one of the best of men, and one of the fairest maids that love and fancy ever formed."

"Generous youth! (cried Alphonso,) what but Heaven could have directed you hither? A life of gratitude can but poorly repay your kindness. As to Almira, you know her sentiments too well not to be convinced that her affections must be eternally fixed on you as her deliverer."

"Hold," exclaimed Rinaldo, interrupting him, "it was impossible to look on Almira, without feeling a more than common degree of pleasure and delight. I owned, too, that I loved her; but to be moved in your behalf by any other impulse than that of friendship, would be to dishonour and reproach my name. No, good Alphonso, my life and fortune, such as it is, shall be at your service; and if, after I have procured you justice, you should think

me deserving of Almira's hand, I shall think it a reward infinitely beyond any thing I can possibly have a right to claim."

"Oh!" cried Almira, you are all goodness, and Providence surely designed you for my happiness; but I have had a dream that fills me with the worst of apprehensions. I thought I was in the midst of the forest, alone, and unprotected; and that a wild beast, of a most ferocious nature, and hideous form, came suddenly upon me, and seized hold of me with his teeth. A stream of blood appeared to gush out at his nostrils, and lifting my feeble arm to strike the monster, his horrid groan instantly roused me out of my sleep."

[*To be continued.*]

THE STRANGER.

(*Continued.*)

HALF an hour passed in these dreadful ruminations, during which he had reached the inn, at the door of which the landlord met him. "Where is Mr. — — ? you understand me," cried the host, placing his hand under his left ear as he spoke.

If you mean my master, rejoined the crafty servant, he is following what goes before him, I suppose.

And what is that?

Most probably his nose.

Does he intend to remain long in this village?

Until he has gone from it.

Is he rich?

When he has plenty.

And what art thou?

My father's son.

Where were you born?

On earth.

For what was you bred?

The same trade as Adam.

How came you to leave it off?

Because I did not go on with it.

What did you do next?

Assist the rope-makers.

Why did you quit that trade?

Because it would no longer support me.

Then how came you in the service of this master of yours?

By kicking him, and by dangling.

"Well, (concluded the host) I can get no rational answer from thee, and am tired of questioning thee. Thou art such a crafty knave, that I think little better of thee than of thy master, and think you will both come to the same end." He had scarcely ended

these words, not in a very pleasing tone, when the Stranger himself entered; and looking good humouredly on Jaques, bid him attend him to his chamber.

No sooner were Jaques and his master in the room of the latter, than the Stranger said, "To-morrow, my poor fellow, with the dawn of day we quit this place; but before we go hence, I think it right to offer you once more this purse, and your freedom; I have much to undergo, and should you remain in my service after I quit this place, you must be associated in my perils and adventures: weigh, therefore, well, before you determine to remain with me: your curiosity, of which I have taken notice, will on the one hand be gratified; you will certainly become acquainted with my secret. But, on the other hand, you must become a participator in my wayward destiny. If I perish, you perish; but if fortune at length crowns my wishes, ease and comfort shall also be your lot. Go, and consult your pillow, and to-morrow let me know your resolution." Still more and more perplexed, Jaques sought his humble couch, he tossed and tumbled all night, and his mind was scarcely made up when the first rays of light summoned him to attend his master. Whilst dressing himself, he tried to come to a determination, and at length resolved, whatever might betide him, to adhere faithfully to the man who had res-

cued him from the crime of suicide; and, it is but justice to add, that the grateful fellow was as much disposed to adopt this measure, by the glowing warmth of his affectionate heart, as for the gratification of his inquisitive disposition. The Stranger was much pleased at this determination, but again strongly represented to the now not to be deterred menial, that he must expect to participate in all his dangers.

"In all, Sir, cried Jaques, remembering the hint of the scaffold, in all, and without exception."

"In all," replied the Stranger.

"What, even should the law lay hold of you, and Jack Ketch—"

"Even so, interrupted his master, even so."

"Then perhaps I have escaped one cord, only to dance upon another," ejaculated Jaques, in a disconsolate tone.

"No, replied the Stranger, no, you will, as well as myself, be condemned to die in the flames."

"Jesu-Maria! What, be doomed to be roasted alive, like a lobster, by a slow fire? What, before death, we shall suffer by anticipation the pains of the damned; and your honour can tell me this without shuddering? Why, Sir, you seem as unmoved as if you were only on the point of being invited out to dinner."

"I did not say you'd be roasted alive, (resumed his master, smiling,) I merely told you what sentence would be passed upon us. But no more of this, take courage, fear nothing, meet the approach of death with an undaunted heart; mount the scaffold, if such should be your doom, with fortitude, and rest assured that affluence shall reward your fidelity to me."

"What affluence can reward me after I have perished on a scaffold?"

"Leave that to me, I am somewhat of a conjuror, and I dare say, shall be able to recal you to life—remember the forest; you had ceased to breathe, my power interposed, and you exist thus by my art; I shall recal our fleeting spirits from the flames. Go to the stake therefore undaunted."

"I had rather not, Sir."

"Then quit my service, I cannot, I will not deceive you, our fate, if you set out from this spot with me, are knit together, quit me, therefore, ere it be too late."

"Never, never, though torments worse than flames should be my lot. You saved me from the worst of crimes, and I have sworn to remain with you, and I am fixed—determined."

"Courage, then, our destiny is drawing to a crisis.—It is time to journey on. The Stranger said no more, but having satisfied his

host, he mounted his steed, and, with his servant following him, bent his course towards the sea-coast. They travelled all day in silence, and towards evening they reached a rocky shore, in a lonely spot, about a league from L'Orient. The Stranger took a small horn from his pocket, and sounding it shrilly, a boat from a vessel which lay at anchor at some distance, immediately came to land. He dismounted, and giving his horse to Jaques, bid him await his return without moving from that spot; then getting into the boat was immediately rowed to the vessel. He remained there about an hour, and then was again brought on shore, a man muffled in a great coat accompanying him. When he reached the land, he bade the new comer farewell, adding, "remember in two nights—the eastern cave—be punctual, when the evening shall brightly shine, then liberty is the word—farewell."

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS.

A Tale.

(Concluded.)

WHO can picture the astonishment of Blimont at this address? His eyes wandered from one youth to another; yet it was not in his power to discover the object he sought, so exactly did the bro-

thers resemble each other, and so successfully did they conceal the emotions which they experienced. Blimont, wearied with conjecture, determined to write to Minville ; but, faithful to the promise he had made, the good old man refused to satisfy his enquiries ; returning for answer, that they were equally amiable, and that as nature had made no distinction between them, either in person or merit, prejudice should not be suffered to bias his affection.

Baffled by this reply, the anxious father trusted to time and chance for the disclosure of this impenetrable secret, and treated the youths with such tender indulgence, as won their hearts, and caused them to be equally emulous of securing his paternal regard ; and Blimont at length declared, that his fortune should be equally divided between them.

Maurice, though thus adopted and loved by his parent, suffered a secret unhappiness to prey upon his mind ; he could not forget that a mother, dear to his heart, lived in sorrow, while he was loaded with benefits and caresses. The generous hearted D'Eperney partook of his friend's affliction, yet possessed not the power to alleviate it ; from early habits of intimacy, the mother of Maurice was more dear to him than his own ; yet, while his breast glowed with indignation for the wrongs of the former, his strict sense of honour

taught him to respect the rights of the latter. At this critical period it was, that a new turn was given to their prospects, by the death of Madame Blimont, an event as melancholy as unexpected. Blimont, who felt for her sincere esteem, mourned her loss with deep regret ; and D'Eperney, though so long estranged from her tender cares, mingled his tears with those of his father ; till a new and enthusiastic impulse roused his soul to fresh energies.

One morning, after having previously engaged Maurice to comply with his wish, he led him by the hand to the library where Blimont was seated, absorbed in silent sorrow. He raised his eyes at their entrance, and cast on them a look of mingled love and anguish ; they seized each of them a hand—Father, said they, why do you grieve ?—Can you ask that question, my children, replied Blimont, have I not lost a faithful wife, you a tender mother.—The loss is not irreparable, my father, said D'Eperney. Blimont started, a look of anger darted from his eyes, his lips moved, and every feature seemed to say, You insult me ! In an instant both his sons were at his feet ; Forgive me, father, cried D'Eperney, rather than offend you, I will remain for ever wretched.—Wretched, my son, what mean you ?—Have you then forgot Leonora ? cried Maurice, in an impressive tone, which penetrated the heart of Blimont, sub-

duced already by regret and tenderness. Yes, father, cried D'Eperney, catching the fortunate moment, we have yet a mother; one who has watched with fond solicitude our early years—one who is esteemed by the worthy Minville—one whom you once loved, and who would know no happiness greater than that of being restored to your affection. At these words Blimont covered his face with his hands, and tearing himself from the arms of his children, paced the room with hurried steps. Boys, said he, with faltering accents, you know not what you ask—but hear me, children. What you consider on my part an act of cruelty, was but the just punishment of deceit and infidelity—had Leonora been true to me, the world should not have separated us—but no more of this: be satisfied with my regard, nor probe my heart with recollections which are now most unreasonable.—Not so unreasonable as you may imagine, replied D'Eperney, with honest warmth, and drawing from his pocket the papers which contained a complete justification of Leonora's conduct. Blimont read them with evident agitation, and as he perused the contents, all his doubts were dispersed: he felt the extent of his fault, and falling into the arms of his children, embraced them with rapture.—Oh, my sons, he exclaimed, you have convinced me; send for your mother, I am ready to atone for my past injustice and neglect; let her come, if

she can forgive me—my heart is open to receive her.

Leonora soon obeyed the summons, attended by the overjoyed Minville, who, on the present happy occasion, forgot his misanthropic whim, and became once more a citizen of the world. The union of Leonora with Blimont was celebrated with joy and magnificence; and, on the wedding-day Maurice received his father's blessing; while the tender and noble hearted D'Eperney felt the conscious delight of having contributed, by his own disinterestedness and generosity, to the happiness of all around him.

VARIETY.

We have frequently seen advertisements from husbands, cautioning the public against trusting their wives; but the following from the Commercial Advertiser, beats every thing of the kind that we have ever read.—We give it to our readers as a curiosity in literature, and a sublime specimen of the art of publishing one's own shame.

Batchelors take warning!

Don't marry a young thieving forsworn beggar, for my vicious adulterous harlot of a wife has wickedly and treacherously conspired with her thieving adulterers against me, and falsely and

maliciously swore against me, and had me falsely imprisoned, on purpose to swindle me out of my goods that she fraudulently run me in debt for. She has since been heniously swindled out of part of them by those evil disposed conspirators, that treacherously and heniously counselled her, and caused her to rob me of seven hundred dollars before, since May last, pretending to carry it to one of her husbands, that she pretends to have. She has left me more in debt than I am able to pay, and to prove herself more vicious than any of the common prostitutes of her age, tore to pieces forty dollars worth of fine shirts, thirty dollars worth of jackets, and broke, flung, and gave away, two hundred dollars worth of other property of mine. Besides, the above facts are all proved. Honest people, don't try to collect debts that is basely and heniously contracted with my forsworn harlot. I will never pay any more debts of her contracting, nor nothing to those that harbour her, whilst I remain the republic's most respectable.

DARLING JENNINGS.

Marriage ceremonies among the Ukraine Cossacks.

When a young woman in the Ukraine, feels a tender passion for a young man, she goes to his parents, and says to them "Pomagas bog." (be ye blessed of God),

which is the customary salutation on entering a house. She then sits down, and addressing herself to the object of her affection, makes her declaration of love in the following terms :—"Ivan, Theodore, (or whatever may be his name) the goodness I see written in your countenance, is a sufficient assurance to me, that you are capable of ruling and loving a wife ; and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good gospodar, (husband or master). It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come and beg you, with all due humility, to accept me for your spouse." She afterwards addresses the father and mother in words to the same effect ; and solicits them earnestly to consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal, or apology, she answers that she will not quit the house till she shall have married the object of her love. Sometimes the parents persist in their refusal ; but if the girl be obstinate, and has patience to stay a few days or weeks in the house, they are not only forced to give their consent, but frequently to persuade their son to marry her. Besides, the young man is generally moved by her perseverance and affection, and gradually accustoms himself to the idea of making her his wife ; so that the young female peasants of the Ukraine seldom fail of being provided with a husband to their mind, if they do but possess a tolerable share of constancy. There is no fear of

their being obliged to leave the house of the youth they prefer ; the parents never think of employing force, because they believe, that by so doing, they should draw the vengeance of Heaven upon their heads ; and to this consideration is added, the fear of offending the girl's family, who would not fail to resent such behaviour as a grievous affront.

It sometimes happens, that the lord of a village in the Ukraine, gives the peasants a dance before his door, and joins in it himself, with his wives and children. (Let it be observed, that most of the villages in Ukraine are surrounded by thick woods, in which the peasantry conceal themselves in the summer, when afraid of a visit from the Tartars). Although the peasants are *serfs*, they have possessed from time immemorial, the right of carrying off any young woman they like from the dance, not excepting even the daughters of the lord, providing they do it with sufficient dexterity ; for otherwise their lives pay the forfeit of their temerity. On these occasions, they watch an opportunity to seize their prey, and hasten to conceal themselves in the thickest parts of the neighbouring woods. If they can find means to stay there four and twenty hours undiscovered, the offence remains unpunished, and they are at liberty to marry the young woman, provided she consents ; but if taken before that space of time expires, they are

beheaded, without farther ceremony.—On Easter Monday, early in the morning, the young men assemble in the street, lay hold on all the girls they meet, and pour five or six buckets of water on their heads. This sport is not permitted later than 12 o'clock. The day after, the girls take their revenge ; but as they are inferior in strength, they are obliged to have recourse to stratagem. They hide themselves six or eight in a house, with each a jug of water in her hand, a little girl standing sentry, and giving the signal, when she sees a young man approach—in an instant the others rush out, surround him with loud acclamations, two or three of the strongest lay hold on him, the neighbouring detachments arrive, and the poor devil is almost drowned with the torrents of water that are poured upon his head.

At a race in the north of Ireland some time since, among other horses, one called *Bother'em* started for the plate. An Irishman taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour.—Towards the conclusion of the race, his favorite was unluckily far behind, when he exclaimed—Och, by the hockey ! there he is ; *Bother'em* for ever ! see how he drives them all before him !

A young man sitting upon the tomb of his father, who had left

him a large estate, entered into the following discourse with the son of a poor man, whose father was buried in the same place. The tomb of my father is of marble : his epitaph is written in letters of gold ; and the pavement round about is of mosaic work :—But how mean is the tomb of thy father ! Two stones, one at the head and the other at the feet, and a few handfuls of earth upon his body.

The poor lad replied :—Hold thy tongue ; ere thy father shall be able to move the stone in the day of judgment, by which he is covered, my father shall have arrived in paradise.

A friend has obligingly handed us the following article. It proves, most incontrovertibly, the extreme healthiness of that part of the country, (Pittsburgh, Chatham County) where, the mother, with so large and increasing a family lives. Mr. E. Stewart has nine daughters, of whom eight have the following families :—

1st daughter,	13 children.
2d do.	12 do.
3d do.	9 do.
4th do.	15 do.
5th do.	10 do.
6th do.	13 do.
7th do.	11 do.
8th do.	9 do.

The children of the third gene-

ration amount to sixty-seven, making an aggregate of one hundred and fifty nine, for fifty seven years, but eleven of that number have died. Three of these have been taken off by extraordinary casualty, one being burnt to death, one killed by a snake, and one by a waggon.

S. C. paper.

APHORISMS.

Notwithstanding our boasted reason, we are more or less the slaves of situation and circumstances ; so pliantly does the mind resign itself to the impression of the senses, or the illusions of the imagination.

There is nothing necessary to constitute a fine genius, that is not equally favourable to the virtues of the mind.

Too many mistake talent for intellect ; and when finding the former united to vice, are apt to suppose that the heart loses in goodness what the mind acquires in strength.

To avoid speaking ill of those whom we have no reason to speak well of, shews a correct temper, seldom to be found but in great minds.

When the heart is interested in a favourite pursuit, the stratagems of the imagination to forward it are inexhaustible.

There are those who make but little progress in some arts, not for want of talent, but because the pursuit may be too tame and progressive for the vivacity of their genius.

The most refined of human gratifications derive their spirits from innocence and from health: these comprehend those enjoyments of the mind; the pleasures of the imagination, the affections of the heart, and the sweets of virtue.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Thomas Thompson, to Miss Mary Mills, daughter of Mr. Samuel Mills, all of this city.

At Baltimore, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Mansfield, son of the Right Hon. Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of his Britannic Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, to Miss Mary B. Smith, daughter of Gen. Samuel Smith, of that city.

At Kingston, on Thursday, the 30th ult. by the rev. Mr. Gosman, Severyn Bruyn, Esq. to Miss Catherine Hasbrouck, only daughter of Judge Hasbrouck, all of that place.

At Springhill, (Penn.) the Hon. James Lloyd, Jun. one of the Senators of the United States, from the state of Massachusetts, to Miss Breck, only daughter of the late

Samuel Breck, Esq. of Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, Samuel BROWN, to Miss Mary SUGARS.

DIED,

On Monday last, after a short but painful illness, Mr. Martin Ames, in the 24th year of his age.

At St. Bartholemews, on the 4th of Nov. Mr. Peter Rosier, a native of Holland, and nephew of Mr. John Boonen Graves, merchant, of this city.

In the city of Washington, on the 20th of November, Caleb Swan, Esq. late Paymaster General of the United States army. He was a revolutionary officer, and from his known integrity and merit, was appointed by General Washington, in the year 1793, to that confidential office.

At Boston, Wm. Cooper, Esq. aged 88 years—49 of which he was successively elected Town Clerk; and during that time, he was never absent at a Town-Meeting.

On Monday morning, in the 38th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Rutgers, wife of Mr. Henry G. Rutgers, merchant, of this city.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 43 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



From a London Paper.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

THREE columns of the flow'r of
France,

With rapid step and firm advance,

At first through tangled ground,

O'er fence and dell, and deep ravine—

At length they reach'd the level green,

The midnight battle's murd'rous scene,

The valley's eastern bound ;

There in a rapid line they form,

Thence are just rushing to the storm,

By bold *Belluno* led ;

When sudden thunders shake the vale,

Day seems as in eclipse, to fail,

The light of heav'n is fled ;

A dusky whirlwind rides the sky,

A living tempest rushes by

With deaf'ning clang and tread—

A charge, a charge ! the British cry,

And *Seymour* at its head.

Belluno sees the coming storm,

And feels the instant need ;

"Break up the line—the column form,

And break and form with speed,

Or under Britain's thund'ring arm

In rout and ruin bleed."

Quick, as the haste of his commands,

The lengthened lines are gone,

And broken into nimble bands,

Across the plain they run ;

"Spur, Britain, spur thy foaming
horse,

O'ertake them in their scattered course,

And sweep them from the land."

She spurs, she flies ; in vain, in vain—

Already they have pass'd the plain,

And now the broken ground they gain,

And now a column stand !

"Rein up thy courser, Britain rein !"

But who the tempest can restrain ?

The mountain flood command ?

Down the ravine with hideous crash,

Headlong the foremost squadrons dash,

And many a soldier, many a steed,

Crush'd in the dire confusion, bleed ;

The rest, as ruin fills the trench,

Pass clear, and on the column'd French,

A broken and tumultuous throng

With glorious rashness dash along,

Too prodigal of life ;

And they had di'd—aye, every one,

But *Wellesley* cries, "On Anson, on,

Langworth, *Alberquerque* and *Payne*,

Lead Britain, Hanover, and Spain,

And turn th' unequal strife."

Now from the plain and every steep

A thousand thunders peal ;

Again the volli'd tempests sweep,

And sultry vapours, dark and deep,

The meeting armies veil ;

The kindling fight at every post

Blazes, but towards the centre most,

Whence, hoping on a happier stage

The renovated war to wage,

France now assails the hill,

And pours with aggregated rage

The storm of fire and steel ;

And when the fresh'ning breezes broke,

A chasm in the column'd smoke,

Busy and black was seen to wave,

The iron harvest of the field—

That harvest which, in slaughter fill'd,

Is gather'd in the grave—

And now before their mutual fires,

They yield, and now they die—

And now 'tis Britain that retires—

And now the line of France

They struggle long with change-fel fate,
 And all the battle's various cries,
 Now depress'd, and now elate,
 In mingled clamors rise,
 Till France at length before the weight
 Of British onset flies;
 Forward! the fiery victors shout,
 Forward! the enemy to rout,
 Pursue him, and he dies!
 Hot and impetuous they pursu'd,
 And, wild with carnage, drunk with
 blood,
 Rush'd on the plain below;
 The wily Frenchman saw and stood—
 Screen'd by the verges of the wood,
 He turn'd him on the foe.

The gallant bands, who guard the
 crown
 Of England, led the battle down,
 And in their furious mood,
 Thrice they essay'd, with onset fierce,
 Thrice fail'd, collected France to pierce,
 Still France collected stood.

While full on each uncover'd flank,
 Cannon and mortar swept their rank,
 And many a generous Briton sank
 Before the dreadful blaze;
 Yet midst that dreadful blaze and din
 Their fearless shout they raise,
 And ever, as their numbers thin,
 Fresh spirits to the post rush in,
 Of peril and of praise.

And still, as with a blacker shade,
 Fortune obscures the day,
 Commingled thro' the fight they wade,
 And hand in hand, and blade to blade,
 As if, still dark and disarray'd,
 They fought the midnight fray.

MY BREAKFAST.

Good cook, all ceremony wave,
 And, ere I'm famish'd, let me have,
 What 'bove all other things I crave,
 My breakfast.

Two cozen eggs, and six smok'd fish,
 Of butter'd bread, a moderate dish,
 And some coffee, 'tis all I wish
 For breakfast.

Since I'm so moderate, then make
 haste,
 Else, honest cook, you'll be disgrac'd,
 For, really, I long to taste
 My breakfast.

Consider, cook, a day and night
 Have pass'd since I, (half-famish'd
 wight!)
 Have eat, (sole source of true delight!)
 My breakfast.

'Tis ready, say you? Joyous news!
 Your pardon then, my gentle muse,
 Spite of your charms, I can't but choose
 My breakfast.

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had
 snatch'd,
 Fat, clumsy, gouty, asthmatic and old,
 Panting against a post, his noddle
 scratch'd,
 And his sad story to a stranger told.

Follow the thief! replied the stander-by,
 Ah! sir, said he, these feet will wag no
 more!

Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and
 cry,

Alas! I've roar'd as long as lungs could
 roar.

Then, quoth the stranger, vain is all
 endeavour—

Sans voice to call, sans vigour to pursue,
 And since your *hat*, of course, is gone
 forever,

I'll e'en make bold to take the *wig*—
 adieu!

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